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tanner, had been put out of business, and miner, farmer, and small shop-keeper had gone with them."

Like almost every book by a journalist, even a great journalist, Mr. Williams's discourse is a somewhat perplexing mixture of exposition, authoritative assertion, explanation of personal opinion, history, and argument. The author is somewhat given to bold, forthright statements: Another great war is certain. India is bound for self-government. Lincoln would have approved our acceptance of a mandate for Turkey. He lays a good deal of stress upon the fact that no country save Turkey has given an important cabinet post to a woman—a fact of the sort justly prized by the journalistic mind, but susceptible of many interpretations. He scorns niggling, has the air of writing fast, and frequently embodies in the middle of a paragraph a statement that would serve its purpose much better as a note at the foot of the page. He has written, however, an exceedingly informing, provocative, variously interesting, and reliable book about Turkey. He not only gives the facts, but contributes his ripe opinions of their importance. His case is logically complete. Only he fails to convince us that we should accept the trusteeship; he has not found the arguments to persuade the doubters, and may even confirm them in their doubts.

MY LIFE HERE AND THERE. By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Speransky, *née* Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Probably no more entertaining reminiscences have been written in recent years by a native American woman than these by the former Julia Dent Grant, granddaughter of one of the three most prominent men in our annals. And this is remarkable because to a coldly critical eye there is in the story little that is of great significance or stimulus. But the charm of the narrative is great; and this is probably due to the fact that in all the subjects the author treats, from the last days of General Grant to the last court function at St. Petersburg she is so thoroughly and simply American. Adaptable, dauntless, glowing with enjoyment and good feeling, making ardent friends of cynical old diplomatists, conciliating without effort the Dowager Empress of Russia, tactfully subduing the too-devoted Crown Prince of Germany, awakening no spark of jealousy, the American woman goes her way through the most exclusive European circles, liked by everybody, not too critical to enjoy it all, and quietly triumphant. Need one say that the Grant blood does not permit of the too obsequious manner or the too admiring gesture, and that verve in the high-bred American does not imply a tiresome vivacity?

Really, most of the book is about dressing and dancing and court functions, and about people not too deeply analyzed, but its pictures are familiar and vivid, and as the story of a happy, successful life, a continuous victory of the American temperament over strange conditions, a sort of splendid vindication of the type we admire, it is in its naturalness, spontaneity and unconscious charm, almost unrivaled.